

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

MARVELS OF ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

The sensation of London about the year 1760 was a "cats' opera," conducted by a Scotch shoemaker named Bisset, who had taught these creatures to play tunes on the dulcimer as an accompaniment to their own squalling. His greatest success, however, was with a pig which was seen for two or three days by many persons of respectability to spell without any apparent direction the names of those in the company; to take up accounts; to point out words thought of by persons present; to tell exactly the hours, minutes, seconds; to distinguish the married from the single; etc. While this learned pig was performing in Dublin an armed ruffian broke into the room, slew the animal with his sword, assaulted Bisset himself, and so unerved the unfortunate animal trainer that he took to his bed and died within a few days.

A naturalist, who is in charge of a fine museum assured me that he had once seen a horse in a field seize and work with his teeth the handle of a pump in order to water some thirsty cows which were lowing lamentably over the waterless trough. This naturalist had also seen a young half-fledged sparrow which had fallen out of the nest helped back by its parents thus: They thrust a straw into the little derelict's beak, and seizing themselves each end of it, they flew up with the nestling above the nest, and then dropped him gently into it!

In a Fishersville village a sparrow had laid her eggs and half reared her brood in a last year's swallow nest. On the return of the swallows the original owner and builder tried to take possession of the nest with the help of its mate only but of a number of other swallows. Their combined efforts to dislodge the sparrow being vain, they hold a council of war, which sentenced the usurper to death. Not only the little band which had tried to storm the nest but the whole flock of swallows fetched building material and in a short time wallied up the criminal and her brood to perish miserably.

In a nest in the corner of one of the windows of a house at Strathendry a brood of swallows was half reared when a young sportsman, disappointed in duck shooting, fired at a flock of these birds and shot both the parents of the nestlings. Fearing that the brood would perish of starvation he was about to remove them from the nest and try to rear them in the house, when he was amazed to find the work of mercy taken out of his hands by the rest of the flock of swallows! They took it in turn to feed the orphans till they were full fledged and able to provide for themselves!

COLLECTING FAD THE HEIGHT OF FOLLY.

It seems quite practicable to start a collection in anything under the sun. The fancier has nothing better to do than to take up the newest idea. I have known people to collect pipes, walking sticks, hairpins, cats and matchboxes. The art of collecting stamps not being found difficult enough in its original form, the fancy set to work to make it more so. Some ingenious persons discovered that stamps had different numbers of perforations and were characterized by different letters, and finally that even whole blocks of them had varying water marks. Conceive the delight of the brotherhood! It was now possible to enlarge the art. Stamp collectors could surmount hill after hill in their ascent towards the ideal and still find their goal remote and inaccessible.

Once developed to this point there was no holding philately back. Emporiums arose on all hands and hundreds of thousands of dollars were spent annually in the cult.

Coins have in some way a sort of excuse in themselves. And collections of pictures also might be tolerated if collectors hung them on their walls and admired them. But the man who buys the pictures to stack them in his cellar has passed from the dignity of the connoisseur. It

is the same with prints and jewels. These things are valuable; but they must needs be rendered infinitely costly and dead and uninteresting by the collector. The cult of first editions is a commercial matter in which the credulity and folly of the collector make the market price. It is not sentiment that moves the collector of these things, for he will exchange or sell his boasted Dickens or Scotts for other volumes by other authors which he considers more precious. He is actuated wholly by this abominable mania. Dealers know it and grin in their sleeves, so to speak, and batten on him until they, too, become infected by the disease, and so the madness goes round.

The science of collecting is a colossal monument to the folly of human nature. It is a well known fact that collecting dulls the moral faculties. I have known philatelists play the most abominable tricks in what is known as "swaps"; and it is notorious that you cannot trust a china ornament to a china maniac. But the craze for china is more or less decent in comparison with tobacco unworky manias, such as that developed by tobacco manufacturers in stimulating the collection of gaudy cigarette pictures and demoralizing the youth of the land. It is a pity some one will not collect collectors—and dispose of them.

UNCONSCIOUS ASSIMILATION AND PLAGIARISM.

When two decades and more ago a Chicago clergyman pleaded unconscious assimilation as an answer to an allegation of plagiarism the plea was sneered at as involving an impossibility. Unconscious assimilation, however, is an ordinary mental process. Culture makes ordinary mental processes automatic in like manner as training does walking. For this reason, in ordinary life, as well as to a less extent in literary and artistic, much is unconsciously assimilated by the mind that remains without direct association with the daily life of the assimilator.

Conan Doyle has been charged by a St. Louis newspaper correspondent with plagiarism from Poe's "Gold Bug." The allegation is not supported by the citations, which simply show a similarity in thought and expression, likely to occur to cryptographers. Similarities, however, exist between Conan Doyle and Walter Scott and between Conan Doyle and Poe which do not admit of this explanation. The smuggler scenes in "Miech Clark" and "Guy Mannering" are so nearly alike as to suggest the influence of Scott on Doyle. The mercenary warrior Saxon of "Miech Clark," moreover, is an undeniable replica of Dugald Dalgetty of "A Legend of Montrose." In his case, and particularly in the case of the smugglers, unconscious assimilation is out of the question, since the surroundings of Saxon and the smugglers are altered and the phraseology is likewise. This shows deliberation inconsistent with unconscious assimilation, more especially as Doyle has repudiated Scott's influence upon him. Such deliberation is still more evident in the instance of "Purloined Letter" and Doyle's "Scandal in Bohemia." These tales, identical in plot and incident, vary only in the fact that Poe's woman, attacked by a diplomat with a compromising letter, becomes Doyle's king attacked by an actress with a compromising photograph. The methods of Poe's Dupin and Doyle's Sherlock Holmes are identical. The memory of Weyerley, the dramatist, in his later years, was so enfeebled by illness as to play him strange tricks. He would read himself to sleep with Montaigne, Rochefoucauld, and Racine. Next morning the thoughts of these authors would be written down with entire unconsciousness as original. At other times Weyerley would repeat word for word as new his previous compositions. Since Doyle has repudiated the influence of Scott and Poe they cannot be employed to explain his similarities to these authors, which are much greater than those that Master in Chancery Sherman detected between "Cyrano de Bergerac" and the "Merchant Prince of Cornwall." Both Rostand's production and the Merchant Prince, however, are based on the career of the historic Cyrano de Bergerac, from whose "Voyage to the Moon" Swift drew much of the satire of "Gulliver's Travels."

OLD FAVORITES

Rosalie, the prairie flower.
On the distant prairie where the heather
In its quiet beauty lived and smiled,
Stands a little cottage, and a creeping
vine
Loves around its porch to twine.

In that peaceful dwelling was a lovely
child,
With her blue eyes beaming soft and
And the waving ringlets of her flaxen
hair,
Floating in the summer air.

Fair as a lily, joyous and free,
Light of the prairie home was she,
Every one who knew her felt the magic
power
Of Rosalie, the prairie flower.

On that distant prairie when the days
were long,
Tripping like a fairy, sweet her song,
With the sunny blossoms and the birds
in play,
Beautiful and bright as they.

When the twilight shadows gathered in
the west,
And the voice of nature sunk to rest,
Like a cherub kneeling seemed the lovely
child,
With her gentle eyes so mild.

Fair as a lily, joyous and free,
Light of that prairie home was she,
Every one who knew her felt the magic
power
Of Rosalie, the prairie flower.

But the summer faded and the chilly
blast
O'er that happy cottage swept at last;
When the autumn birds wove the dewy
morn,
Little prairie flower was gone!

For the angels whispered softly in her
ear,
"Child, thy Father calls thee; stay not
here."
And they gently bore her, robed in spot-
less white,
To their blissful home of light.

Though we shall never look on her more,
Gone with the love and joy she bore,
Far away she's blooming, in a fadeless
flower,
Sweet Rosalie, the prairie flower.
—George F. Root.

For time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by
the hand,
And with his arms outstretched, as he
would fly,
Grasps in the corner; welcome ever
smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let
not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it is;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envy and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole
world kin.
That all, with one consent, praise new-
born gauds,
Though they are made and molded of
things past,
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More lard than gilt o'erdusted.
—William Shakespeare.

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still of use, and not a mere chamber
of the chimney corner, and for the
friend the latechris always out, and
the welcome in.

In such a home red-letter days
abound; not those kept with pomp and
circumstance, but little family festi-
vals and anniversaries—when favorite
dishes are remembered, the chair or
place at the table specially decorated,
loving messages sent and kindly greet-
ings exchanged.—Kansas City Jour-
nal.

DOCTOR FOR EIGHTY YEARS.

Age Medical Man Learned Indian
Ways of Curing.

Bent by the burdens of his 100
years, but still active and vigorous,
and busy every minute of the day in
the performance of the professional
duties which have made him a fami-
liar figure on the streets of Mount Mor-
ris, N. Y., for three-quarters of a cen-
tury, Dr. David Miner, the sole sur-
vivor of the Indian school of medicine
in the east, passed his centenary, says
the Rochester Herald. With skin tan-
ned and dried to parchment hue by
the sun of a hundred summers, with
flowing locks and patriarchal beard
whitened by the snows of a hundred
winters, the bright-eyed little doctor,
who weighs just ninety pounds, hus-
ties about his business all day as
usual. He still gathers his own herbs
and roots, with the help of his son,
James Aesculapius Miner, and com-
pounds his own medicine, as has been
his custom for the last eighty years.
Since the death of Centenarian Dr.
John P. Wood of Coffeewick, Kan.,
who died within the twelvemonth, the
distinction of seniority among the
members of the medical profession be-
longs to Dr. Miner, as he is to-day
the oldest practicing physician in the
world.

In his 15th year David Miner went
to live with the Oneida Indians. He
dwelt among them three years, sharing
their fortunes, partaking of their fare
and making their life his own. From
Dr. Sharp Wing he learned the arts,
the beliefs and the traditions which
formed the stock in trade of the In-
dian medicine man. All his life he has
practiced the healing art as he learned
it among the Indians. He remembers
that before he went to live with the
Indians Big Tree had been their chief.
It was no uncommon practice for a
white man to take a squaw to wife.
It was, indeed, the persistent overtures
of one of the chiefs, who desired to
marry his daughter to David, which
resulted in the latter's leaving the
tribe. Although small in stature, Da-
vid was a handsome, wiry youth, with
the suppleness so dear to the savage
breast, and his knowledge of wood-
craft and medicine made him a desira-
ble son-in-law. David was greatly ap-
pealed to the union, however, and soon
after returned to his own people.

During his residence among the
Oneida Indians Dr. Miner witnessed
the sacrifice of an Indian squaw, who
was believed by the Indians to be a
witch. Unable to fish in the lake on
account of the presence of ice, the
chiefs commanded the squaw to exer-
cise her power of witchcraft in the
breaking up of the ice. She protested
that she was unable to do it. Cutting
a hole in the ice, the bucks seized the
struggling squaw and shoved her
through the opening under the ice, so
that she was drowned. In three or
four days a thaw came and the im-
mediate breaking up of the ice confirmed
the Indians in their pagan belief in
sorcery and incantation. Associating
in daily intercourse with the men of
the forest glades, David became pro-
ficient in the use of the Indian tongue
and throughout his long life has re-
tained the ability to converse under-
standingly with the Oneidas.

Little Known About Fish
Recent Phenomenal Catches Show the
Habits of Finny Tribe Are Peculiar.

During the year 1903 there was the
largest run of salmon in Irish, English
and Scottish waters ever known, and
this came right upon a general assump-
tion from the records of preceding
years that the fish were gradually dis-
appearing. This shows how little is
understood about the ways of fishes.

It is recognized that last year in
England was phenomenally rainy. It
broke every known record for precipi-
tation. There is an intimation that this
superabundance of fresh water may
have had its influence in inducing the
salmon to go upstream. The Specu-
lator says that many salmon stay
around in the sea and refrain from go-
ing into fresh water. It says, too, that
it has been proved by marking the
fish that within the space of five weeks
and two days a salmon of ten and one-
half pounds has been found to grow to
twenty and one-quarter pounds. Not-
hing else grows so fast.

The same journal refers to the story
that salmon in our Western rivers push
each other ashore in their upstream
rush, and casts a doubt on this. But
perfectly trustworthy persons, of high
intelligence and universally respected,
will vouch for it that they themselves
have seen the banks of rivers in Brit-
ish Columbia packed with dead salmon
which produced such a disagreeable
atmosphere by reason of their disinte-
gration that it was almost unbearable
for people who had to pass that way.
In the push of fish there is not room
for them in narrow parts and they are
crowded right up on the banks. There
is no doubt of this, and it is among
the smaller anecdotes of the kind that
one will gather in a trip in that part
of the world.

What Was Wrong.
A workman, on coming home in the
evening, was asked by his wife to look
at the clock. She complained that the
clock had been silent all day, and she
could not tell the reason. Her husband
took it down and examined it careful-
ly. Then he took off the hands and
bright silver in the sideboard, but it
must be ready for company; pretty
dishes in the closet, but not for every
day.

Happy the woman who has solved
the problem of how to keep a neat, at-
tractive and well-ordered house, yet
not after institutional methods, where
one scents the soap and carbolic from
afar; where the children's rights are
respected without their being allowed
to infringe on the rights of others;
where grandmother feels that she is

still of use, and not a mere chamber
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whitened by the snows of a hundred
winters, the bright-eyed little doctor,
who weighs just ninety pounds, hus-
ties about his business all day as
usual. He still gathers his own herbs
and roots, with the help of his son,
James Aesculapius Miner, and com-
pounds his own medicine, as has been
his custom for the last eighty years.
Since the death of Centenarian Dr.
John P. Wood of Coffeewick, Kan.,
who died within the twelvemonth, the
distinction of seniority among the
members of the medical profession be-
longs to Dr. Miner, as he is to-day
the oldest practicing physician in the
world.

In his 15th year David Miner went
to live with the Oneida Indians. He
dwelt among them three years, sharing
their fortunes, partaking of their fare
and making their life his own. From
Dr. Sharp Wing he learned the arts,
the beliefs and the traditions which
formed the stock in trade of the In-
dian medicine man. All his life he has
practiced the healing art as he learned
it among the Indians. He remembers
that before he went to live with the
Indians Big Tree had been their chief.
It was no uncommon practice for a
white man to take a squaw to wife.
It was, indeed, the persistent overtures
of one of the chiefs, who desired to
marry his daughter to David, which
resulted in the latter's leaving the
tribe. Although small in stature, Da-
vid was a handsome, wiry youth, with
the suppleness so dear to the savage
breast, and his knowledge of wood-
craft and medicine made him a desira-
ble son-in-law. David was greatly ap-
pealed to the union, however, and soon
after returned to his own people.

During his residence among the
Oneida Indians Dr. Miner witnessed
the sacrifice of an Indian squaw, who
was believed by the Indians to be a
witch. Unable to fish in the lake on
account of the presence of ice, the
chiefs commanded the squaw to exer-
cise her power of witchcraft in the
breaking up of the ice. She protested
that she was unable to do it. Cutting
a hole in the ice, the bucks seized the
struggling squaw and shoved her
through the opening under the ice, so
that she was drowned. In three or
four days a thaw came and the im-
mediate breaking up of the ice confirmed
the Indians in their pagan belief in
sorcery and incantation. Associating
in daily intercourse with the men of
the forest glades, David became pro-
ficient in the use of the Indian tongue
and throughout his long life has re-
tained the ability to converse under-
standingly with the Oneidas.

Little Known About Fish
Recent Phenomenal Catches Show the
Habits of Finny Tribe Are Peculiar.

During the year 1903 there was the
largest run of salmon in Irish, English
and Scottish waters ever known, and
this came right upon a general assump-
tion from the records of preceding
years that the fish were gradually dis-
appearing. This shows how little is
understood about the ways of fishes.

It is recognized that last year in
England was phenomenally rainy. It
broke every known record for precipi-
tation. There is an intimation that this
superabundance of fresh water may
have had its influence in inducing the
salmon to go upstream. The Specu-
lator says that many salmon stay
around in the sea and refrain from go-
ing into fresh water. It says, too, that
it has been proved by marking the
fish that within the space of five weeks
and two days a salmon of ten and one-
half pounds has been found to grow to
twenty and one-quarter pounds. Not-
hing else grows so fast.

The same journal refers to the story
that salmon in our Western rivers push
each other ashore in their upstream
rush, and casts a doubt on this. But
perfectly trustworthy persons, of high
intelligence and universally respected,
will vouch for it that they themselves
have seen the banks of rivers in Brit-
ish Columbia packed with dead salmon
which produced such a disagreeable
atmosphere by reason of their disinte-
gration that it was almost unbearable
for people who had to pass that way.
In the push of fish there is not room
for them in narrow parts and they are
crowded right up on the banks. There
is no doubt of this, and it is among
the smaller anecdotes of the kind that
one will gather in a trip in that part
of the world.

What Was Wrong.
A workman, on coming home in the
evening, was asked by his wife to look
at the clock. She complained that the
clock had been silent all day, and she
could not tell the reason. Her husband
took it down and examined it careful-
ly. Then he took off the hands and
bright silver in the sideboard, but it
must be ready for company; pretty
dishes in the closet, but not for every
day.

Happy the woman who has solved
the problem of how to keep a neat, at-
tractive and well-ordered house, yet
not after institutional methods, where
one scents the soap and carbolic from
afar; where the children's rights are
respected without their being allowed
to infringe on the rights of others;
where grandmother feels that she is



Mamie—What is biology? Gladys—
I suppose it's the science of shopping.
"How about references?" Inquired
the mistress. "Oh, I like yer looks,
num," said the applicant, "an' I won't
ask yer for references."

Bobbles—What does this author
mean by saying that the hero had
"well-carved" features? Bobbles—
Perhaps he shaved himself.

"I wonder what makes my eyes so
weak," said an ultra-radical once to
Mr. Disraeli. "Why, they are in a
weak place," said the latter.

Little Willie—Say, pa, how does an
army scour the country? Pa—With
brushes, my son. Little Willie—With
brushes? Pa—Yes, brushes with the
enemy.

May—Did Clara's husband leave
her much when he died? Belle—He
left enough to make her comfortable,
but not enough to get her a second
husband.—Life.

Walter—Will you try a course din-
ner? Country Groom—No, sir; no
course dinner for us. Bring us in the
finest one you've got. We don't come
down to the city every day; do we,
Matilda?

He—Do you know, dear, I was just
upstairs looking at baby, and I be-
lieve she has got your hair. She
(springing up)—Good gracious! I
thought I had put that switch out of
the child's reach!

"Did you ever see the Dardanelles
while you were in Europe?" "No,"
answered Mr. Cumrox. "You see, we
were so busy sightseeing that we
didn't have time to call on any of our
friends."—Washington Star.

First Boy—And because you couldn't
find a penny to pay the fare, did the
conductor make you get off the omni-
bus and walk? Second Boy—No, he
only made me get off. I could have
sat in the road if I wanted to.—Tit-
Bits.